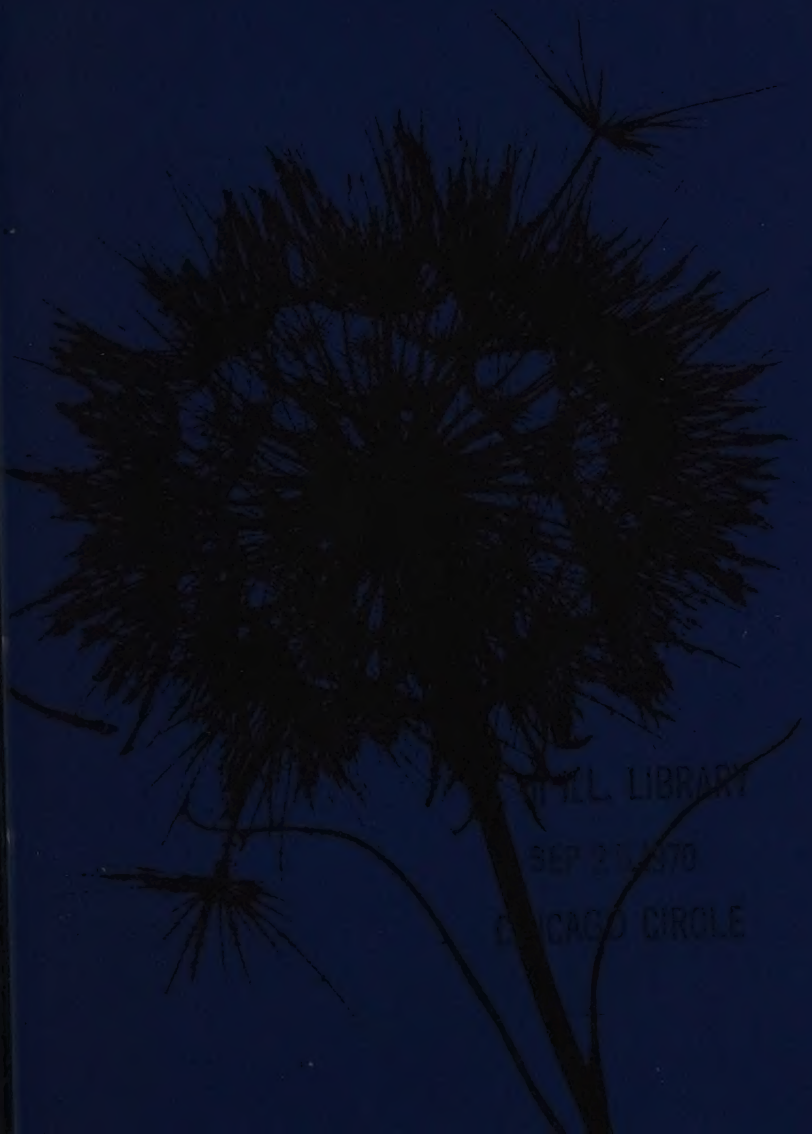
FREE LANCE

a Magazine of Poetry and Prose + + +



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THE FREE LANCE

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Editors

Casper LeRoy Jordan Russell Atkins

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FREE LANCE = 1 =

BLACK STRIP 79

Three bars away
from where the strip stretches
like the long arm
of something unbelievable
lights hang
like a wet jungle
against the dark cold
Shadows stand out
against the long bar
of injustice -
Hopeful laughter
mixed with unseen success --
Coltrane screams out
Over the long insensitive
line of shadows
black hands lash out
for the last glass of hope
Smoke hangs
like a gray curtain
over the last act
of white America:
This is *BLACK STRIP 79!*
Cold,
but beautifully black.

-- *Bill Russell*

SOUL, LAKE WOODED PLACE

Phillis
Alfred
writings
upon a rock-
meaningless.
The Erie roars.
cold winds
cut at my frame:
brown death lay
above the rocky shore,
it will become green
and live again in spring:
a commode wedged
beneath a rock /
it probably knew many a
forgotten ass.
The hawk gets the best of me
on these cold winter days
but I love the beauty of it all
like daggers pointing
limbs bend out,
as if in sadness;
one bird in loneliness
sails overhead -
at its back
orange clouds shine,
the sun set I cannot see
only its light against the sky

do I realize to be its testimony.
my soul screams,
yet I find no answer.
The X man dead
shot down by hands
I shake daily /
in deceit I live as a shadow,
my shame hidden
in some other body:
two lives I live
in one empty shadow.
one bird sails
overhead
as if in loneliness.
The lake seems quiet
this time of year.
dead grass,
wooded place
in the dsitance
perhaps there
I will find
peace of mind.

-- *Bill Russell*

AND A GOOD ONE TO YOU, TOO

Lights flash,
silver strips hang
like moonlit night.
Colors come before my eyes,
like carnival time.
Funny tunes come to my ears
like old, cold stories.
Circles flash
around my mind
like merry-go-rounds.
Colors dance about me
like Easter on Cedar Avenue.
Jews get rich.
The state gets fat
off liquor receipts;
Black people get poorer
and wiser through the
help of finance co.s
Then they all say,
"Not next year!"

-- *Bill Russell*

LOVE'S DIMENSIONS

Love that can be gentle, has many dimensions...

But only when such dimensions are parallel
and symbolic...

Comprehensive, that the intricate pattern
it forms cannot be

Duplicated, or likely fabricated by the
wayward symbols

Or illusions of life ...

— *B. Felton*

Conrad Rivers

1933-68

VARIATIONS ON PASSIVE RESISTANCE

For Dr. Martin Luther King

Though
Life is not found in heartbeats.
Dreams
Never found in Mint Julips
Or cotton fields.

They
Can be sought there,
Live there, die there.

Though
souls are not born in servitude:
Bodys can be arrested:
Controlled, subdued.
(bailed out)

Though
People are curious,
Faith and justice slow,
Court rooms can be ignored.

Though
Masses of ebony souls
May band together and sing,
They can be ignored.

Though
Love is fatal to tyranny,
And the handwriting is visible,
It can be ignored.
(Until love enters)

-- Conrad Kent Rivers

From Perchance to Dream,Othello. 1959.

AFRICA

They say you smile like a woman
When the sun comes to the end of her day.
For a while, the night-purple and blue
Veil of silence hovers over our universe,
Wither thou goest?

Surely some part of you
Blows a saddened dusky breeze across the sea,
Walks the streets of Harlem,
Lifts a veil of ignorance from our face
To remind us there was a homeland.

Where men remain alive
Not content to surrender their land.
Something stronger than a constitution
Brings in railroads and books
Where the forests and beats once reigned
And the white man's God stands alone.

Watching dark and strong men build a new republic.

-- Conrad Kent Rivers

From These Black Bodies and This Sunburnt Face. 1962.

Lips that pray are holier-
but not as helpful as lips
that serve...

RELIGION

Let one blind child see,
Feed one hungry mouth and mother.
Stop wars,
Cure prejudice,
Then send for Jesus

--Conrad Kent Rivers

From These Black Bodies and This Sunburnt Face.
1962.

MALCOLM, A THOUSANDTH POEM

When brothers build a city
Down in valleys
And through mountains,
Across plains slashed by winds
Forever African

Your flame fires them on.
Black men and white men discovering
Dialogue.

Death is fit for a monkey's laughter,
Useless. Immortality comes by
Breaking laws.

Let my women mourn for you.
Your articulation is a silent, amen.

-- Conrad Kent Rivers

From Dusk at Selma. 1965.

l.a.levy
1942-68

Ode to a non-union truckdriver
passing through northeastern ohio

From the city in black leather
and frail lungs chant
the lilies of Lorain and Bratenahl
thighs
"Cleveland has no A Train Harlem

It could have been old romantic"
the amphetamine run is pale and
cloaked
like a highway of transfinite shrouds
and platic illusions dance.

The waitress pours white in black
orchids into acres bottomless with
dilated eyes, chants, "gypsy rider
rumbled
thirty-six hours with sun in mouth."

The doe's frantic hoof cleaved and crashes
the weathered hulld out of osar
chants a cryptogram of underground
slang
and is etched in a nightsong riff

The Turnpike Smells of Walt Whitman.

--- d.a. levy

world war III

trotsky lies at bottom of my wine glass
squares un the village
song in montparnasse
sounds at the sky
water in the electric mixer
walled in westinghouse

stockings on my head
coyote in the coalbin

why - said the hungry caterpillar -
do they put this damn chlorophyll in leaves

progress

-- d.a. levy

sun bleached desert skin like a dry
skull whitened...
once i -- your swollen eyes
now spidered caverns staring.
Each century you call me back,
to let you go
of past we liplashed the paled sky
as if for better to do,
given more the smile, the brighter
burned
thought back for lips that never
turned

there were lights that neither i'd
or golden plunged
whitewashed and sight silvered
the marigold -- the yellow eye
of dusk or dawn

rain sheltered the violin velvet edged
razor-ridden night walked and tornado
torn
with a bellied lion resting in calm
unknowns.
the heavy tapestries of tired eyes

hand like the lingering kisses lost.
flesh pierced or broken still,
the mirror shattered and swept aside
dreaded, but at last
neon nights fogged in violet stripes
blued and head down bowed to emerald
dawn.
in even darker mist and ritualed
tossed high and flashing rings

gold for a vaguely audible splash
  and the smell of cotillion by an
  imagined sea
moreno

they brought the dawn down
like it was dropped from some
cookie cutter or something
     and we just cried

-- d.a. levy

Free Lance, Volume 8, 1964

TO THREE DEAD POETS
(Adelaide Simon, Langston Hughes and d.a. levy)

Adelaide,
that dwarfed plum tree
marching my window
is a millionth reminder.
Down the hill, slowing the forest
(south of the barn)
other trees talk of you
picking wild flowers
the way you picked wild poets.

Langston,
your time folded.
You went, not sadly,
but whispered.
Your poems, round with jazz
like the round of your face.
You filter through
Harlem and Hough.

levy,
you were my Frankenstein.
Cleveland is quiet but not lonely.
The flats gargle new carousels
while new poems are painted.
Tomorrow I will listen
to bastard angles
sing about rocking horses
and Christmas trees at Public Square.
You remind me, children
shouldn't play with guns.

-- *Jau Billera*
December 1968

CITIES AND SEAS

In the cover of night
my thoights disguise themselves,
in the name of angel
shielded from reality
they sing songs of unknown seas
the seas are not of water
but of fire, covered with bones
of dead actors.
On the banks of the seas
there are cities
not inhabited by people
but by tombstones
I can not see now
"Here lies Glen Best
1958. May he act in peace"
Tonight I sat upon one engraved "Ray".
He spoke to me. I became frightened.
I ran to the sea
and hid among the bones
thus I was saved.

— *Norman Jordan*

SIXES.POEMS by Phil Weidman(Runcible Spoon P.O.Box 4622,Sacramento California 95825)

Weidman,with an economy of words and an abundance of techniqus,really belts one with his gifted outpourings. Visceral.

BROTHER CROW by Loring Williams(American Weave Press,1967.55 p. 220 Portland St.South Berwick,Maine 03908)

Veteran poet and publisher,Williams, has produced his usual competent workmanship. The poems are short, succinct and mostly on nature themes. Few poets can re-affirm the eternal verities in poetry as Williams does. He manages to be contemporary without struggle or condescension,yet tradition prevails in his work and automates stability. There is no failure in the lines. He is surefooted -- if one can use such a word -- readable and clear.

RADAR by Lisa Galt (Press:Today,1966.)

Long,meandering, meaningless poetry. Hardly worth the paper it is written on.

R E V I E W S

BY
CASPER JORDAN
&
GEOFFREY A.COOK
&
RUSSELL ATKINS
&
J. STEFANSKI

SERMONS FROM THE AMMUNITION HATCH OF THE SHIP OF FOOLS by Hans Juergensen(Vagabond Press,1810½ Dauphine New Orleans,Louisiana. 70116)

German-born Juergensen has dedicated this book to the memory of Martin Luther King,Jr.,and is at present teaching at the University of Southern Florida. The author has also illustrated the book. The poems are anti-war in nature, but rarely memorable.

MEET MY MAKER THE MAD MOLECULE by J.P.Donleavy(Delacorte Press, 1964.178 p.750 Third Ave.,New York,N.Y.)

Received in 1967. The famed author of the Ginger Man and A Singular Man has gathered together his short pieces of prose and lyric poems. They are almost all elegies. These stories and sketches move between Europe and North America. Good reading.

SEVEN IS A FROZEN NUMBER by Marcus J. Grapes.Aphrodisia Press,1967.74p.6306 Fountainebleau Dr., New Orleans,La. 70125)

Grapes has caught life in his poetry without resorting to psychedelic,concrete, Zen combustions. Beautifully printed and extravagantly illustrated.

WORDS OF SEEING by H.Cromwell Smith. (Harlo Press,1967. 144 p.)

Vermont-born writer who claims implicity of thought and style.Admirably done in a number of short poems.

(Casper L.Jordan
Cleveland,August 1968)

THE FAKE REVOLT, by G. Legman (Breaking Point, New York)

In The Fake Revolt, Mr G. Legman has put fire and vitality into an old, now somewhat academic form, the monograph. This is social criticism of a biting and vituperative nature. No one is spared; nothing is sacred. All and everything of our society is decimated. And, Baby, he says it in a powerful way. But he constructs nothing intellectually new from the ruins. Here is where the weakness of this essay lies. He is trying to fight the Nadaism of the 60's with the Nihilism of the '30s. And that just doesn't work. Any perceptive person can list the ills of his environment (but probably couldn't enunciate them as forcefully as Mr. Legman), yet it takes an exceptional man to find a positive answer to them. This is the rightful function of the critic and criticism -- a loving and positive one. Mr. Legman's negative outlook fails this critique. But it is worth reading if only to start this process in the reader. You might find yourself applauding at times, and at others to be in anger. But it will make you think.

PHILADELPHIA POEMS by Brant Shoemaker (Young Publications

Brant Shoemaker, at his best, in his third book of poems shows himself to be a mediocre academic poet. I believe his worst

represents an attempt to round out this collection into an artistic whole. But what does Mr.Shoemaker want to say? In his prose Preface, he talks about expressing a nostalgic romanticism through existentialism, but his poems are very nice examples of saying nothing with a lot of words. As for painting a spiritual picture of Philadelphia,this book fails. It becomes a pretty puny attempt when compared to the work of the better underground and Negro writers.

HOW EASILY YOUR MIND CAN SLIP OFF, by Richard Kregh(The Runcible Spoon,5248 Acorn Way,Carmicael , California 95608)

This little poem-pamphlet comes from one of those sprightly little underground presses. It contains one longish poem that breaks upon the reader with fresh images of external stimuli that somehow leads through the mind of the author,and, eventually,to your mind. The only thing derisive I cah say about this booklet is that it is much too short.

SAY MY NAME, by Barbara Gibson (Cronopios 4,138 S.13th St.,La Crosse, Wisconsin 54601)

Most of Mrs.Gibson's poems come off with a truth and sincerity that is to be admired. These poems are saturated with a warm femininity. There is a gentle (Oriental-like)

delicacy to many of them. Although there is this warm communion with the poetess most of the time, at other times there is an inconsistency to the collection. There are s some very capable poems in this book, but the whole fails to hold together as an artistic unit.

QUARK I, Published by Richard Morris (P.O. Box 3161, University Station, Reno, Nevada 89507)

Richard Morris, the publisher of the Quark series, is the erstwhile editor of editor of Camels Coming. Mr. Morris, armed only with his good taste and love of modern literature, has brought many important poets and their work to the light of publication. The Quark series is an extension of Mr. Morris' fine work. Here he hopes to publish both extended poems and translations. Quark I is a group of translations from the Spanish of the South American poets, Cesar Vallejo and Jose Hierro by two out-standing American poets, Cid Corman and Clayton Eshlman. I can't truthfully comment on the translators' fidelity to the Spanish, but I can say that these are fine poems in English.

KELSIE, by Kelsie Harder (Forum-Camel Books, Box 8201, U. Station, Reno, Nevada 89507. $1.50)

Kelsie is a short book of cartoons. Many of these I

found to be in bad taste, most of them were not in the slightest enlightening, and none of them were amusing. This booklet is definitely underground, and should remain there.

THE TRUTH IS BUT ONE, by Pasqualino Gianfagna. (Europe America Press. $1.00)

In this 44 page essay translated from the Italian, Professor Gianfagna treats such broad philosophical questions as truth, life, and man. The author sees the Universe governed by relativity, and says that man should be governed by the laws of the Universe. Because of the immensity of the subjects and the little space allotted to them, broad generalities are anunciated. Here is where the weakness of this tract lies. It is easy to agree with Gianfagna's thesis but questions are posed which are not answered; as what are these laws, and how do they practically pertain to Man.

ECHOES AND SHADOWS by Wendell W. Harris (Dorrance & Co. $2.50.)

This is a period of great cultural activity by the American Negro. But Mr. Harris is sadly out of tune with the times. To begin, his poetry is very trite. And at a time when poets (both Black & White) are searching for new forms, Mr. Harris still clings to the old styles. Even here he does not handle them well. He is technically incompetent in form, and his metaphors fall into the clichés of an amateur.

(G.A. Cook)

BROADSIDE PRESS PUBLICATIONS(12651 Old Mill Place,Detroit,Michigan 48238)

The distinguished librarian -author,Dudley Randall, has been publishing individual poems in broadside form for sometime.This method of publication and printing is a long established and honorable form,and it is a unique mode of publishing today. Mr Randall is to be congratulated for reviving the form. There are a number already published and the price range is from 35 cents to fifty cents. They are well printed on good stock. Such well known writers as Margaret Walker,Melvin Tolson,Gwendolyn Brooks,LeRoi Jones,Bobb Hamilton,Julia Fields, Naomi Madgett and Dudley Randall have appeared in the series.

RACE RESULTS,USA,1966 by Sarah Webster Fabio is now available in the series. Miss Fabio writes in a white heat of passion and has admirably caught the hot feeling of the black revolution now facing our nation. The poem is aptly dedicated to Stokely Carmichael.

LETTER FROM A WIFE by S.Carolyn Reese.

The author demonstrates a fine flair for the lyric in poetry. In soft disciplined lines Miss Reese makes you want to read more of her poetry.

THE BLACK NARRATOR, by Le Graham, is one example of the tortured, fine work coming out of the angry,young black men today.Graham extolls:

Black poems are beautiful

egyptian princesses,
afro-americans,
john o killens,ossie
davis, leroi jones,mal
colm x shabazz. robert
williams. lumumba.A
poem for wooly-haired brothers.
natural haired sisters.Bimbos.

Graham's style is virile and assertive.

BLACK MADONNA by Harold G.Lawrence in an entirely different vein, but equally striking and moving writes as a young Langston Hughes wrote of rivers:

You were beautiful when
Your apparition formed
From Tanga mud and Rift;
Rocks of Rhodesia,Kush
Ethiopia,
Sahara sands and Maya
mounds,
And Grotts des Enfants
Preserved your image.

One should follow his career closely. Here is talent.

THE BACKLASH BLUES, by the late Langston Hughes was one of his last poems -- and showed his great talent for timeliness.Embedded in the blues tradition,which he discovered years ago, it is a fresh as his Weary Blues of the '20s.Our hat is off to Mr Randall for a fascinating series of poetry.

BLACK PRIDE by Don L.Lee is also from Broadside Press. This is Chicagoan Lee's second book, having authored Think Black earlier. From beginning to end Lee has caught the spirit of the times of the black man and has synthesized it to a great degree in a disciplined manner in a stark style:

I
seek
integration
of
negroes
with
black
people

sums up the problem succinctly and well. In another vein, yet similar:

I met a part time
revolutionist today
(natural hair, african
dressed
always angry, in a hurry
&c)
talking black
&
sleeping white

Last, but far from least, Dudley Randall's own work has appeared in a handsome edition, CITIES BURNING. Randall is not unknown to the pages of Free Lance, for he was published many years ago, and was a contributor to the memorial issue to Langston Hughes. A long-time practitioner and worshipper of the muse, these poems are of consummate detail and style. Humorous, serious satirical in turn, Randall has kept up with the times. Witness:

A critic advises
not to write on
controversial subjects
like freedom or
murder,
but to treat universal themes
and timeless symbols
like the white
unicorn

A white unicorn?

Detroit has a whole lot going for it in Randall and the Broadside Press.

(C.L. Jordan)

A POETRY READING AGAINST THE VIETNAM WAR, edited by Robert Bly, David Ray (Sixties Press, Odin House, Madison, Minnesota)

An excellent job of taunting the Vietnam war motives of the Washington "professionals," viz., that they have to bring "peace" and safety from "aggression" to the people of South Vietnam. A subtle distinction is that one can be an "aggressor" to an extent if the object of that aggression is one's own ethnic relatives. The word hated by "hawks" is "Imperialist." And why not, for the subtle connotation of that word has become race. Today, an "imperialist" is one who wages a war of almost any description into the internal affairs and territories of another race. Governments that violate this, as yet, seemingly natural sovereignty of ethnic difference have ceased to be merely "aggressors". They are "Imperialists" carrying with them the onus of trying to extend their influence or their "benevolences" across the margins of propriety.

Poets: Galway Kinnell Ferlinghetti, Wm. Stafford, George Hitchcock, James Wright, plus Abraham Lincolm Adolf Hitler, Walt Whitman, JFK, Thucydides and others. Thought: China defending East Berlin against the West by using napalm.

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, by Peter Vierec (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc. $6.00)

Besides an almost celebrant format, this issuing of Mr. Viereck's poems has zest. The work is tropically baroque. There is some of that lavish imagery that does nothing:

Twilight/
lisps at our knees to swallow us.

This is,of course,lyrical prerogative.Scores of poets ascribe to the theory that these figurative flights constitute a special perception or "knowledge" on the part of poets.May be. Mr.Viereck has a frenzied sort of emotional sweep which he is able to manage.The reader continues to expect a breakthrough that does not come but which is,at least,in the offing.This is much more than one gets in most poems today. Oh yes,Mr. Viereck's a Pulitzer Prize winner,in case you haven't followed his career: two Guggenheims, Library of Congress appointments,etc. (See p. 63)

A PRACTICAL STYLE GUIDE FOR AUTHORS AND EDITORS, by Margaret Nicholson (Holt,Rinehart and Winston,$4.95)

The approach here is not a ponderous one.It could have been. Manuals of style even tend to be inhibitive. M.Nicholson treats the subject in a direct,concise way,clearly the privilege of experience and knowledgeability Hardly the standard for "little magazines" with their volunteer typists,novice IBM offset plate makers and erratic deadlines based on precarious budgets.

FOUR CORRIDORS, by David C.French (American Weave Press.220 Portland St.South Berwick, Maine.03908.$3.00)

Dave French writes eminently acceptable poetry--this is not always a compliment. Some poets become increasingly predictable on this basis. Not Mr.French He allows his sense of verve full play -- even extravagance This is not part and parcel of poetry that is likely to grow dull.To the contrary,there is the presentiment of one who can steer his own course and turn acceptability into experiment --

an honest non-conformity underlying the tone: an out-of-the-blue specificity of correspondence between words that are about what they are really about. Mr.French does not hide behind impossible subtlety. When it is time to be direct,he is so. He has the confidence,He hears the "click",very likely,and the line stays there, forceful, untormented. This work is another step away from those contemporaries whose lines creak with care and polish, and break under pressure.

BB BOOKS(11 Clematis St.Blackburn,Lancs BB2 6JP,England)

The former Poetmeat comes out as a Broadside with concise information,mag.listings,notices for books. Names bad bookstores also: a good practice which is continuing to increase.Recent articles in commercial media about bookselling stores that no longer thrive, Publishers doing their own thing selling and so on. Mmmmm?

THE AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE(1815 H. Street N.W.,Washington,D.C.9311)

"The American Film Institute is concerned with the motion picture in American life -- in theatres,homes, libraries,classrooms and where ever films are found. To bring cinema to its fullest stature in the country of its birth;to preserve,stimulate, enrich and nuture the art of film in America -- these are the Institute's goals." Brochure states that "of all the films made in America,one half were no longer accessible.Thousands were never copy-

righted and could not be located. Thousands...printed on fragile nitrate stock, had turned to dust ...films such as "Scarface," with Paul Muni; Theda Bara's "Cleopatra"; ..."The Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Lon Chaney, Sr...no longer could be found in complete 35mm safety prints ..." (This viewer, for one, has always had a decided preference for old, old movies and wondered why they are so seldom shown.) The Film Institute finances "filmakers of artistic promise who submit original proposals." Board of Trustees includes Elizabeth Ashley, Gregory Peck (Chairman), Sidney Poitier (Vice Chairman) Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and many others of reputation.

THE LITTLE mag (Larry Coleman, Editor, 406-74th St. Niagara Falls N.Y. 14304)

Issue features Peter Wild, Micheal Perkins, R. Wolter, Brown Miller, Doug. Blazek. E.R. Baxter, III Kent Taylor, rjs. etc.

RADAR (International Magazine for Creativity, Warsaw, 1968. Warsaw 43, Poland)

Every once and a while we receive RADAR. Lively enough, though there may be some question of how much "good will" can be promoted these days. RADAR comes from the "young generation of Poland, the country of Copernicus and Mme. Curie, of Pulaski ...Mickiewicz and Chopin." Fiercely nationalistic, one might add. Does culture breed "good will"? RADAR'S pages are packed--disconcertingly almost. Number of local names from America:

THE TIBETAN STROBOSCOPE, by d.a.levy(Ayizan Press Cleveland,Ohio,U$$A)

This was one of the last works received here from d.a. before his death.Needless to say it is comprised of all the wit and despondent flair that made Lev' one of Cleveland's outstanding poets.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL, A Verse Translation by Barriss Mills(Purdue University Studies,Lafayette,Indiana.$6.75, 47907)

This publication has much of the power of relief -- a feeling of exoneration.It makes one wonder whether the poems written by today's poets are enjoyable enough,free enough.Mr.Mills makes Martial's wholesome participation in living sound currently urbane.Nor is the book presented as a great tome-like research project -- a plethora of footnotes,annotations,etc. No. Straight to the point instead. A few telling comments on Martial and we are off into what is surely proof of human personality timelessness -- some might say incorrigibility. He says,"You speak with a lady-like voice and lisp./My farting's louder than that." Martial, in fact, "told it like it was." E.g.,

III,lxxix

Sertorius never finishes anything. He begins things I'll bet he can't even finish what he starts in bed.

I,xci

You criticize my poems Laelius,but you never publish your own.Either stop pulling mine to pieces or let us have a look at yours.

XI,lxii

Lesbia swears she never does it for free.That's true.Whenever she wants

it, she pays for it herself,

The book is well made, fortititudinous, in fact. Clear, vibrantly shaped print on tingling good paper.

UNCERTAINTIES, by H.L. Van Brunt (The Smith, 15 Park Row, New York, NY, 10038/Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave. N.Y. 100-10. $2.25)

The critical comments on the back of the book are accurate, one would say. Mr. Van Brunt's work does have "simplicity," "clarity of sound," "thought that is natural and unforced," "clean with control." He is sensitive and there is a "modesty" here. The poems are "quiet." There is no way, of course, of knowing how many of these properties Mr. Van Brunt intended. A question to arise is "Should a poetry have properties that occur inadvertently? i.e., how much should thought be "natural" and "unforced" if this means a degree of involuntary?" Mr. Van Brunt's poetic elements are well situated. One can accept them here while elsewhere they might seem minor. In fact the surprise is that he is able to seem significant with this economy of effect: that he succeeds with them in spite of what might be drawbacks. Ultimately, there is only one kind of poetry that proves distressing to this reader: poetry that boasts of being "professional" or "understandable." There is none of that unnaturalness here.

LA PALABRA, by Alfonso Jativa (Apartado 8440 Panama 7, R.P.) Also: DE CARA AL SOL, Alfonso Jativa (same)

FOR MALCOLM, Poems on the Life and Death of Malcolm X, Edited by Dudley Randall & Margaret G. Burroughs((Broadside Press, 12651 Old Mill Place, Detroit Michigan. 48238. $2,00)

Robert Williams and M. Mallory's original confrontation with police and armed racists in Monroe North Carolina in 1961 was revolutionary -- the first bold attack upon the Civil Rights philosophy of non-violence. Williams fled to China: Mrs. Mallory fled to Cleveland. With Williams absent, the powerful awareness and uses of violence needed espousal and direction. That task was taken up by Malcolm X. He was to-t the-point, eloquent, his images hard, pristine: "Which is stronger black coffee or coffee with milk?" he asked. Such speecifically applicable images constituted the near opposite of Dr. King's oratory. Because of the incontrovertible evidence of a subtle racially motivated imperialism, Malcolm X's words were of such stimulus that he soon inspired others. He rejected the paradoxa of "war for peace" and peaceful methods for war: he contended that war required war-like methods: peace, peaceful ones. The enemy could no longer hide behind paradox. Malcolm X became the apostle of masculinity, reality, internationalism, etc.

This anthology from Broadside remains among the most definitive of his charisma as experienced by some of the following poets: Ted Joans, Mari Evans, Clarence Major, Marcella Cane, Joyce Whitstitt Etheridge Knight, Margaret Bourroughs, the late Conrad Rivers, Jay Wright, Margaret Walker Julia Fields, Bobb Hamilton and others.

These poets may have produced better poems elsewhere on other occasions, but the feeling is honestly high pitched, varying. Format: Clear, letterpress, and

THE NOTEBOOKS OF ANDRÉ WALTER, by André Gide/ Translated from the French and with an Introduction and Notes by Wade Baskin(Philosophical Library, New York. $4.75)

André Gide's name is synonymous with the literary exquisite, the supreme refinement in intellectual moral agony. It is a lineage from Dandyism, Petrus Borel, Chopin through Baudelaire to Oscar Wilde. Somehow, Gide's is a reputation difficult to assess in places where the French mystique compromises the mores. Translations into English may not help such works as The Notebooks. They take on a confessional quality that perhaps the French language can salvage with more linguistic purity. The dustjacket says, "André Walter -- Gide's alter ego -- chronicles the passions and conflicts of his adolescence and his ultimate triumph over the temptations and anguish that beset him. Part lyrical, part analytical, the quality of Gide's writing is essentially that of a poet. "The word "soul" appears frequently for this day of the semantic. There is a sense of excess - too much outcrying about more than the reader can appreciate. Personal struggles with "sin" in the Manichean sense? Well, It's got class. Real class.

FROM THE VIETNAMESE, Ten Centuries of Poetry. Translated and with an Introduction by Burton Raffel (October House, Inc. 55 West 13th St. NY. $1.95)

"Vietnam -- the name means Yueh South (Yueh-Chekiang, in eastern China).." According to the Publisher's Preface, "To this day, almost nothing has been written or published about the Vietnamese themselves apart from their, to us, unsatisfactory role in a war whose aims

and anger they do not seem to share with us. This book, then, is a small reminder that Vietnam has an ancient history --." America, upstart, continues to presume against approximately 4000 years of ancient Vietnamese culture, continuing to find, it seems, that such time-lengths breed their own profound wisdom, cunning and the power to resist aggression. "This anthology includes eleven poems by Ho-Chi-Minh when he was in prison. These are included not for the politics of the author but for their poetry and because they demonstrate the existence of a contemporary civilization where poets can be presidents and presidents poets. In his trans lations Burton Raffel has tried to catch the tone and sense of the poem, rather than present literal translations." Comment on the syllabics in the Introduction is of interest 2 lines of 7 feet, a 3rd line of 6 feet and a 4th of 8 feet is known as ngâm. There is ngu Ngôn, thât ngôn, yết-hậu, Tiết ha, Xu'ơng hoa, etc. These are spelled out briefly, succinctly. Phu is "in some ways the most unusual...half poetry, half prose. ..."

A SONG OF THE GREAT PEACE, by Tina Morris (BB Books, Screeches Publications, 11 Clematis St., Blackburn, Lancs, England)

Miss Morris puts great faith in the imagery of her work. She has not wholly misplaced her faith, for she manages to pull the poems through i.e., they are not an obtrusively advanced string of self sufficient figures of speech.

On the other hand, there is that about them which is less premeditated than this reader would prefer, i.e., they splash somewhat where they ought to pour steadily. Introduction by Dave Cunliffe -- another poem, in fact. Morris says, "This is to be a long & beautiful poem in which I will say things which have never been said be fore." (And for a moment or so we thought she was going to be different.)

HINTS IN HAIKU, by Norimoto Iino (Philosophical Library, Inc. 15 East 40th St. N.Y. 16, NY

Books from Philosophical Library have that uncertainty of choice about them. "He who is preachy is not listened to" and "Haiku is not didactic." Reassuring, however, as far as the book is concerned, Mr. Iino commences with a soft-spoken "didacticism" and some "preaching" in a chapter on Confucius, Jen and Zen. The West needs the philosophy of the East, he contends. Quatum theory and Hindu philosophy, the atom and Atman are fundamentally one and the same. Much of this appears somewhat out-of-the-blue, sandwiched in between pages of Haiku. Nonetheless, Mr. Iino has a surreptitious charm in his tone and not being a judge of authentic Haiku, this reader will have to take his word upon that matter.

DESTINATION ASHES, by Norman Jordan (Jordan Press, 1045 Avon Ave. Cleveland, Ohio)

Norman Jordan's poem are like sonic booms they are often over before impact. Symptomatic of the times? They appeal quickly, directly designed for the fast moving. He may be said to have been one of the first "tell it like it is" poets of "black consciousnes etc., "ghetto sensi-

bility" etc. One cannot seriously criticize here for the work carries an almost self-effacing tone. It scarcely exceeds its capabilities, cautiously attempts only what it can handle.

A SUDDEN CLARITY, by Ethel Nestell Fortner (Olivant Press, P.O.D, 1409, Homestead, Florida, 33030. $3.95)

Some of the poems are a bit heavy with an effortless kind of wisdom somewhat typical of women poets. "We Live and Breathe" is close to flogging that dead horse: Poets are like everybody else. rather overplayed in the '50s when poets talked of lawn cutting and baby-sitting and suburbia. These "oft-thought" thoughts are perfectly usable. However, it takes a little doing. "Essence" is another example. Ethel Fortner's chief asset is a striking image from time to time: "I listen to spaces between the stars." In theory, this reviewer agrees with the principle behind such poems as "No Greener Grass." But if there is "oft-thought" there must be not so "oft" presentability and device.

TERMINAL TOWER, By Jau Billera (Poetry Seminar Press, 701 Schaaf Rd., Brooklyn Heights, Ohio

What voices call --
skimming the Chesapeake
boomeranging the Catskil
fevered with warm dis-
sonance
determined to span Eilee
pink in cheek...howling?

The thing about Mr, Billera's poetry is that it is not self-conscious. Often, this leads to trouble. In Mr. Billera's case it is highly productive. Somewhere in his makeup is the exact alchemy for the outgoing, extrovertive expression. Combine this with a natural resonance of line verve and you have

poetry with which you can be at ease, i.e. the reader is not placed in an apologetic position as to whether the poet overestimates a value, or unconsciously builds astringencies that kill enjoyment, etc. Such cares dominated and defeated the poets of the '50s.

How will it show her,
as corrugated sheaths
bending in vociferous winds,
like the scattering of soot
from a teaspoon
...

Almost certainly, Mr. Billera's oral recitations of his poems have enhanced his sense of proportion and effect. Terminal Tower has a tightly knit format with a simplicity of typeface, spacing, etc.

PYRAMID (Helleric Publications, Belmont Mass) Editor, Ottone M. Riccio. Mss. etc., to 32 Waverly Street, Belmont, Mass. 02178. Vol. 1, No. 1: Ben Tibbs, Sam Cornish, Emilie Glen, Duane Locke, etc.

THE SOW'S HEAD & OTHER POEMS, by Robert Peters (Wayne State University Press, Detroit 1968 $4.95)

These poems have a personality that is dual. They are artfully repulsive yet indefinably aesthetic at times. Mr Peters' pace occasionally borders on the headlong. The poems seem to be saying, "Don't try to categorize us." It's a kind of struggle with or against a blasé readership. The author seems especially determined to propel his imagery beyond the barrier of range of those who know what to expect of poems these days and wait for it with a vengeance. But Mr. Peters does not press to an "extreme." He prefers to keep a little inside. There is, also, regard for imagination as the poem rather than as

embroidery for a set of inferences in a conversational tone.

PEBBLES & SAND, by Louis Newman(The Smith,15 Park Row,New York,N.Y.10038)

Unseen,but praised by Conrad Aiken,Tambimuttu and Marianne Moore according to flyer.

QUARK III. A GENERATION OF HEIGHTS:HOOFS WITH PATHS INGROWN, a long poem by Will Inman (Camels Coming at P.O. Box 8161,University Station,Reno,Nevada. 89507)

Will Inman sustains the power of the narrative-lyrical almost without a break in sonority.There is not much issue to be taken with the verse as far as the quality is concerned. No dependence on significance by association as is often the case where the subject is biblical.

THE SMITH(Horizen Pre 156 Fifth Ave.,New Yo N.Y. $2.50)

One admits that the work in The Smith maintains a consistently high aesthetic.It's not extreme work, perhaps not the most careful by some standards, but that is because of a sense of poetry as a classification. Handsomely transforme into a book format, The Smith becomes one of the few publications upon which readers may depend for hearing said,occasionally,something that needs saying(E.g Smith No.10 on Literary Anthologies). People who edit anthologies these days cannot seem to over come their clique-ridden sentiments. Today's arts no longe permit such definitions as "the best of this or that." This is an appeal to an ignorance of intellectual and artistic matters. Such

a dearth of sophistication may be the prerogative of an individual giving the relativistic short shrift, but it is another matter when a government program with a responsibility to contemporary values promotes such phony claims. Literary Anthologies should be ignored when they are issued on such a basis.

THE STILL VOICE OF HARLEM, by Conrad Kent Rivers (Paul Breman Ltd 7 wedderburn rd. London Nw3 England. $1.75)

Conrad K. Rivers died early in 1968. Much of his work had appeared first in Free Lance and under its imprint. He researched and helped write a number of controversial articles one of which was a piece on Cleveland's Hough area (Dec. 24, '65) for Life magazine. He was "born 15 October in Atlantic City, N.J. /school in Pennsylvania, Georgia/ graduate of Wilberforce U, Ohio /Chicago Teachers College, Indiana U./ served in the army in Maryland and Kentucky...won the Savannah, Georgia, State Poetry Prize 1951/ ..poems in magazines like Antioch Review, Kenyon Review, Ohio Poetry Review... three previous books of poetry, Perchance To Dream, Othello, '59; These Black Bodies and this Sunburnt Face, '62; Dusk at Selma, '65; /first major anthology to include his work was the Heritage Series Sixes and Sevens in 1962 followed later that year by Rosey Pool's Beyond the Blues and since then by Arna Bontemps' American Negro Poetry '63...For Malcolm ..." and others.

HERETOFORE, by Russell Atkins (Paul Breman Ltd. 7 wedderburn rd. London NW3, England. $1.75)

Carl Van Vechten referred Russell Atkins to a magazine with these words: "Your work interests me --" in 1945. From that time, a swift succession of leading poets and editors have commented on his work: "...poets ...strugglers against the dark, the heroic souls battling the gloom of uniformity. Among them... Russell Atkins (Trace, 1960);"...one of the foremost of our avant-garde poets... highly original and unconventional" (Langston Hughes); "...gifted...a technician not deterred by...those who neither think or hazard what they think..."(Marianne Moore);"...a remarkably fine ear. That is the brilliant quality of your poetry."(John Gross);"...a galaxy of unpredictable, fascinating phenomena." (The Smith);"...R. Atkins is one of the bes poets now writing in America."(E.V. Griffith "...Atkins is full of talent..."(Marguerite Caetani);"...you are giving a new twist to the uses of poetry... (World Pub.);"...restless, perpetual ingenuity.."(Accent, 1954); "Elevations of rank belong to the future, but...he(Atkins) has.. the skill of a Hoffman, a Borel, or a D' Aurevilly."(A. Simon, Input) Heretofore, does not have the overwhelming imaginati sweep of Phenomena (1961). However, these works antedated the '61 book by almost 5 years. There is a more solid feeling than one gets from the book Two By Atkins (1963), a reissue of two plays written in 1954. Few poets have used words to more maximum effect. Mr. Atkins' technique ranges from high, tragic, gloom to the exquisite "concrete" of "Night and a Dis-

tant Church."It is all a fascinating harmony of originality and the eclectically ingenious, the Atkins-esque!

—

THE YOUNG AMERICAN WRITERS, Edited by Richard Kostelanetz (Funk & Wagnalls, 380 Madison Ave. N.Y. $4.95 and $2.45(paper)

—

HE DREAMED, 17 poems by Richard Morris(Camels Coming, P.O.Box 8161 University Station, Reno, Nevada 89507)

Mr.Morris' poems are most regulated, precisely made. They possess a certain aloof integrity. They are not overly figurative. There is some inclination toward stringency -- not to say that this damages. There is rather, not much hope of being taken to the brink of the phrenetic in emotion. There is, thought, much of that which maintains poetry as a classification and this is important as it pertains to the art as a whole:

Wind blows sand into
flowers
Then rain falls
and dreams tower
above the clouds
above the rain
above the flowers
above the pain

TOMBSTONE AS A LONELY CHARM, by d.a.levy (Runcible Spoon P.O. Box 4622, Sacramento California 95825)

D.a.'s angry melancholy comes through. Comments on the subtleties of versification do not apply here. Levy cared little or nothing for them in the last few years. He spoke more and more on behalf of other causes. Yet these poems have a surity and tact about them. Info: Ground Zero. Con-

tact r.j.s. & T.L.Kryss P.O.Box 91415,Cleveland, Ohio 44104

D.R.Wagner's Runcible Spoon Press is remindful of d.a.'s 7 flowers press -- bizarre shaped booklets,fragments,etc.,brief instants of thought and feeling. Here are the following: MAD NIGHT WITH SUNFLOWERS by Peter Wild is Mr.Wild informal and fanciful and possibly with those gigantic sunflowers that spring up if you don't mind. Also by Mr. Wild, JOINING UP AND OTHER POEMS. "Lovers balls for the world." Uh huh. COLORS,by Hilary Ayer Fowler,snatches of inference with succinct, purposeful imagery. "For Monica." Very neat. ADVENTURES OF THE FLOATING RABBI, by John Oliver Simon. Clever form-wise. "A novel in 8 chapters" each "chapter" consisting of not much over 9 lines or so . Chapter I begins:"an evening in the mescaline chateau..."That tell you anything? Does me.Chapter 8 may be difficult... THE NEXT PERHAPS,by Barbara O'Connelly."Saw Jean again last night She/finally found her father./ After/fifteen years. He tried to put/his hand inside her dress. I / don't think they told her/about that in the orphanage."Heh. Paraphrase: "Saw Tom again last night.He finally found his mother. After fifteen years. She tried to put her hand inside his pants. I don't think they told him about that in the orphanage." LOOK AT THE MOON THEN WIPE THE LIGHT FROM YOUR EYES AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE,by T.L.Kryss For a close to the brink look there's T.L.He takes you wher the frenetic seems everyday.The book is dedicated to "the children and the madmen..." Kryss speaks to other poets,i.e. he reaffirms the poet function, casting

out all misgivings about the pertinence of it. ANECDOTE OF THE PARROT, by David Tammer. Smooth, ballad-like, lyrical. A sustained sensation in the movement of the words. From D.R.Wagner himself: THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE RE TURNING KING THAT HAVE BEEN LOST TO US FOR SUCH A LONG TIME IT SEEMS LIKE THEY NEVER WERE AND OTHER POEMS, from (Runcible Spoon,P.O. Box 4622 Sacramento, Calif.,95825) Also,18TH DYNASTY EGYPTIAN AUTO-MOBILE TURNON, by d.r.

THE HEART WALKING, a Small Pond Book(The Small Pond, Cider Press Box 101A,RFD 3,Auburn Me.)"..being a chronicle of certain pilgrims who,in preparation for and in the course of their journey by foot from San Francisco to Moscow, had hopes,had fears,had feeling,and wrote these things.."

THINK BLACK, by Don L. Lee(Broadside Press, 12651 Old Mill Place, Detroit,Michigan,48238)

The reader is given an imperative: he is to "think black." Necessary in some respects: presumptuous in others. The word "black" -- an erstwhile denotation of color --has become a full concept taking on far more inference than it may be able to support: a large,complicated set of connotations and images, some viabl some inconsistent. Unfortunately, much of the "black experience" must convey a feeling that it is not the ethos that a group would cultivate if it had a choice and freedom of creativity. However, what matters most here is that Mr Lee is convinced and he imbues his lines with conviction.

BEAU-COCOA(c/o Lloyd Addison,100 E.123 St. N.Y. 10035) A new magazine. Mr.Addison Ed., Justus Taylor,Co-editor..

DEAD-MAN'S TOWN

Yesterday I came back to Dead-Man's Town
tp the smiling seas of non-involvement
and the madras straightjacket
of industrious anonymity;
into the security of the unconscious
and smooth-shaved greens
and delicious flapping flags
and hollow sounds of balls
whipped into dumb flight
by muscled hollow men
whose voices echo
outside themselves
through tombs of warming showers
and 19th hole addiction.
Yesterday I came back to those I love
to say in some indirection
that I cared,
but their gellatin eyes
followed the arching orb
toiits destiny
in a cavity
below the green sod.

-- *James Edmund Magner, jr.*

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TACT AND THE VISITOR

He asked his guest's profession;
seraphic, he replied,
smiling like a wise adult
in summer time

down on the grils and boys
chasing across thefflowers
disguisedaas butterflies
awful permitting powers.

— *R. P. Parkin*

CAVE DWELLER

Signs and symbols
And liturgical orchestrations
And sacred places
Or oaks
Or altars stained with blood
Or vestments worn again to symbolize
Or stand for truth
Seen and truth lived
And truth unknown --
All appeal to my primitive mind
That insists on using hands in serious search
To paint the walls of caves
And thrust up pyramids
And colonadessfor gods
And gothic windows, vaulted ceilings,
Swirls of consecrated color,
Beauty-virgin crowning
And the touch of knees to ground in adoration
In the face of cosmic absence,
Forest, lake and star-found myth
And mystery.

-- *Ulf Goebel*

HONEY FROM THE LION'S CARCASS

After the harlot world
badgered, brandished love
for seven nights
we told the simple secret
of Samsonian strength

Now, bare headed,
we trudge, eyeless in private Gazas
to the unseen sneer of keepers
but hair will grow again
and we, in blindness,
will heave the pillars prone
and topple the temples
of the Philistines.

-- *E. Cain Mann*

LETTERS

Closing doors
and sealing sentiments
crushing and folding spring
to send to me
To squeeze eight flowers
sun and stars
and include your rain
enclosed to me

Why not cutt off your breasts
and send them?

For love is what I want
Dont send sad greetings
or your childish smile
Send me your body
with a self-addressed
stamped envelope
And when I am tired
let me seal
your lips together
fold your legs and arms
tightly inside
and send you

SPECIAL DELIVERY

crying and laughing
lost in the post office
no longer mine

--*Arthur E. Williams*

SMILES

She smiles
I smile
So we lovers both smile
At each other:
Only flowers of the flesh?
And in my night stuffed first
With whispering doubts
Her smiles are dead to me;
Later, they tug the dark
Spliced to our invisible rope.

-- *Jay Wright*

When light speaks/
to the night
It dissipates into/
tiny, pale blue/
passageways of/
recessed
Caverns scopped out/
of time, lined/
with precious sto
Taking with it/
symphonic lamentations

-- *B. Felton*

FEWER ROADS AFTER EACH MILE

digging inward might do it
the question is how far
what's waiting may change my attitude
toward everything

do I really want my thoughts
tossed on the table
dissected
annalyzed
understood
there must be other ways to come to terms

what I am inside
won't fit into public consumption

somewhere the arrow pointed the new way
and I followed

it was walk or freeze
the exercise was delicious
the madness good in itself
the restraint an expensive goose-egg
at all costs I'm not sorry for where I've gone

still
now that I've touched
smelled
sounded
echoed
all the colors
is it after all
a squirreling panic of directionless swerving?

— *Ottone M. Riccio*

the poet's face gathers the dust of eyes
on the penny arcade wall, last surviving
reminder of mad persecutions
        now a senile ghost
        maudlin memory
        smiling imitation of life,
picture of a dead actor
who once held a bit part
in a bad soap opera and
whose face no one now remembers
        or notices
hanging between pinball madness
and automatic bowling fun.

--*T. L. Kryss*

nuclear roses grow in her belly
the thorn curling out of her skin
& as i bent to kiss the three long splinters
in her breast, she whispered
'do not kiss'
the thorns
my crime
leaves me to
twist new children
from the blood'

two

'the grass has taken root
on the poisoned earth
of White Sands' gasps
the old mariner stumbling
through the streets of
Sanfrancisco.
the hippys laugh & throw
flowers at the old shark.

three

in Oppenheimer's desert
a single dandelion
gray & dusted life-force
hangs its face in despair
the passage of two decades
has not changed the stillness.

four

'the angels are tired from rolling back stones'
he wrote from prison
& the other prisoners punched him
in the groin

five

America, you are the empty space
beside me on the bed!

--T. L. Kryss

Silence in its/
perfection, sails across

The river of/
the dead

With its hordes/
where winds, nor/
rains, sleet or snow

Exist/
and the unwelcomed,/
the unwilling become,

Eventual fixtures and/
residents

-- B. Felton

FELLOW MEMBERS

No joiner
    Still I'm a member
Up twenty stories
        You have to be
    Of Sky Associates
Along with sun-turning pigeons
        And white-collar gulls
    And star executives
Moon a fellow member

-- *Emilie Glen*

BUTTERCUP

Scorned like cheap yellow margarine,
they trample on your poliched head,
whose golden faces smile like splattered dots,
but courting other weeds on people's lawns
earns the rotary guillotine; whose righteous
edges cut your glory from the green,
whose honor is backed by golden metal
that drips its value on paper like mold.

Their paper values echo the emptiness of
our modern glen walled by status bricks
covered by a roof of main street babbitry;
and, oh, how they
sharpen the blades of affluent mowers that leave
death scattered in bits of green that scream the
sterility and futility of life that pushes from its
roots hard toward the blue, sometimes gray,
and yet they see your splendid crown, not a thing
of royalty, but of poverty whose naturalness speaks
not of freshness, dynamic vitality but low class
abandon; yet you and I know the sun that
smiles through your yellow face is full and happy,
while they wish their green profits and suburbia
landscapings writhe from the loneliness of vicious
rotaries and hollow houses sitting on white collar
complacency.

— *David Hernandez*

PASSAGE

We walked among the stones
Where green mass found touch.
The warm bones melted,
Melted love in such
Lips kissing that I dreamed
On softness and in the hair=
Found freefall seemed
The passage unaware.

-- *Lee Pennington*

FROM SEED TO LOTUS

When the primeval brahm,
The essential existence,
Unshaped, ethereal and without
Gender, generates our
Lush Parvathi, she
Of the slim undulating
Midriff, full hips, fuller
Bosom, eyes aware, brow
Braod, lips
Ready for speaking wisdom
Of love, of the neat navel, of
Breasts points caressable,
Of hot nights waiting
Impatiently for rain
While the salt sweat swells
From her belly, when brahm,
The primeval, the essential being,
In Siva, Nata Raja, lord
Of the dance for uplifted
Knees, hands, fingers in
Gesture rhythming fields
Rich in seed, barns ready
And the keen contest of
Love, while we wait petulant
For rain, when the
Prime being manifests
Its fullness as foul Kali,
Bemires our earth of goat guts,
Battle and fierce pestulance,

Minds twsited, when the brahm
In each new pulse-warmed
Image lifts these villages
By conjointed prayer song
From now's dullness to another
Height of life above
Your humdrum,
Shall we clomp here behind
By cold prose endlessly
Made blind?

-- *Tom Galt*

OF WINTER

Green of my winter:
Thinking you always blues and changeless grays
I someway ignored yourcoat upon the pine limb's frost
I did not see your grass blades
Pressed beneath the major
Yellow.

White of my winter snow:
Eye black cannot overpower you here
Nor the eulogies to graves of leaves' pools, nomads,
Implant singular sorrow that age
Dealt roughly with
You friend.

Woods in my cold breath;
Somehow you are untouched by death
Who cannot reach you since you die and live again
Within this cyclic season here;
You are the corestuff
Of my winter.

Apple tree in frost:
Below you ice pools lie, holding
In their glassy souls the twigs of hope the sind snapped
And brought here to pawn for warmth,
Sold into bondage for less
Than they are worth.

-- *David E. Middleton*

MORATORIUM ON A VOLCANO

We must resist the urge to bury the past
Vesuvius of love erupts, begins now
in these beginning deep rumblings of us
soon the lava will flow its pumice burial

We must, each privately, rush to past Pompey
leave the pornographic hangings and trifles
rescue in these last moments before hot rivers
the priceless things, the children, the best art
There were many good things in Pompey

Let's drag them out and the problems we were etching
work in progress (significant work)
should be finished.
Then let the molten love start flowing
and petrify the past for some future time
and archaeologists, too mummified for love.

-- *Mary Ann Magner*

Poet-lecturer, Arna Bontemps, visited Cleveland. His most recent books are Black Thunder(Beacon Press) and Anyplace but Here(Hill & Wang)..."In Memoriam," a collaborative work by Hale Smith(words by the late Langston Hughes and By Russell Atkins) is now in print. Highgate Press has issued the sheet music for "Mixed Chorus with Chamber Orchestra or Piano." from CRI's recording by Robert Shaw and the Kulas Chorus -- described in the Saturday Review as "significant"..."short and poignant..." Free Lance's editor-in-chief, Casper L.Jordan,resides at Atlanta,Georgia,and is the "Ford Foundation man" for Atlanta University where he heads Ford's new program for the training of young librarians...Paul Breman's Heritage Series is now under the distribution of Benjamin Blom,Inc.,4 West Mount Eden Avenue,Bronx, New York,10452,and 56 Doughty St.,London Wc.1.Poets include the late Conrad K. Rivers and Russell Atkins...Available from Free Lance are a few remaining copies of Permit Me Voyage, by Adelaide Simon. This book contains drawings by d.a.levy who shot himself to death in despair...CSU POETRY FORUM:

Visiting Pulitzer Prize poet, Peter Viereck, had a strange World War I quality coming from the podium. He was not a prepossessing reader, but a number of striking poems came across in spite of his difficulties. Why he seemed a man speaking from a World War I trench this reviewer cannot quite say except that a reflection of overhead lights made him appear apparitional. Also, the adjoining halls rang with the indifferent sounds of a cafeteria amd those who were probably much relieved in being remote from the misguided souls hooked on poetry. A large part of the audience was obviously credit-ridden, and, having set down a few notes, began to file out in large numbers for the next class presumably. About ten persons remained for tea. All of which is the stuff that poetry readings are made of. Amid much confusion and excitement here, the movie "Uptight" was filmed in Cleveland. Paramount's Jules Dassin and wife, Melina Mercouri, and the Hollywood crew haunted the abandoned buildings and burnt out houses and gloomy by-ways where the sets were established. Stars Ruby Dee, Julian Mayfield, and others, Raymond St. Jacques, etc. appeared about old train depots in simulated rain amongst Black Nationalists ready for the Revolution Now. Powerful stuff, pardner. No premier in Cleveland of the Grauman's variety. City Hall too shaky, too filled with memories of Glenville or so it was whispered. Home, in Paris, France, the redoubtable Dassin. What next? The life of Mao-Tse-tung oor Ho-Chi-Minh?. .....Portion of Our June

a collection of poems by the late Adelaide Simon, will contain "a thorough introductory biography" written by her co-editor of Free Lance, R.Atkins. The book is due from Olivant Press...../ Cleveland's Annetta Jefferson entering phase three of writing and editing "Black Peoplehood," a TV documentary for Channel 25. Segment three will concern black writers..../ THE NEWSLETTER, Editor Harry Smith. Executive Editor,H.L. Van Brunt. Very informative news tidbits on the N.Y. scene and "on the state of the culture"../ World Premiere: Mario Fratti 's "Che Guevara". Toronto Workshop Theatre Toronto,Canada.Director George Luscombe. Fratti off to Japan to stage a production in Tokyo..../ Impressions of African Art Forms in the poetry of Margaret Danner(Broad side Press) arrived too late for review.

D. Norman Tillman,one of the oldest members of the original Free Lance Club, died here Dec.12th,1968. He'd painted portraits of Marian Anderson, President Tubman of Liberia, Mrs.Louis B. Seltzer, Gina Lollobrigida and others Tillman's paintings were representational, often commercial. However, he could effect a penetrative work that was exceptional. He did not manage to communicate his own extravagant personality in his painting: his 100 miles an hour drives between Cleveland and Youngstown in spite of several near fatal automobile accidents; his boiling of nails for days finally to drink the rust water for "vitamins"; wads of paint-stuck money under neglected canvasses, in wastebaskets;his collecting of twigs, branches and flowers to stick to his landscapes; a "sun" painted on the sitting room wall through which he'd struck a hole for an electric lightbulb for "real sunlight;" his belief,

the absolute surity that he had that he would not die;his hatred of painting at times and his desire to sing for which he had less aptitude;his piane compositions by the hundreds having an inextricable mixture of talent and cliché; a mad heiress who paid him a $1000 to paint her portrait but would go walking in the rain with a bag of grapes instead. Tillman lived these events in relative obscurity; one of the most interesting personalities in Cleveland. He attended the Philadelphia Academy of Art, Boston College and Howard University.....

.....GREEN APPLE, a review of the arts. A new literary magazine in Cleveland. Mss and correspondence should be addressed to George P. Kemp,Editor. 2675 Friar Dr., Parma, Ohio. 44134.....OPEN SKULL PRESS, 1379 Masonic Ave.,San Francisco,Calif.94117 :Doug.Blazek at work, All Gods Must Learn to Kill(Open Skull Press,$1.50).....THE SOCIETY OF BLACK COMPOSERS(148 Columbus Ave.,New York,N.Y.10023)presented composers Joe Chambers,Hale Smith,Howard Swanson,Hank Johnson,William Fischer in" three evenings of our music" at intermediate school 201. The society was founded to "provide a permanent forum for the work and thoughts of black composers;to collect and disseminate information about black composers and their activities".Performers:John Jackson,flute;Harry Smyles, oboe;Julius Watkin,horno;Herbie Hancock, piano;Warren Smith,Rogilio Tuerano,percussion;Sanford Allen,violin;Alan Booth, piano;Barbara Smith-Conrad,soprano;Selwart Clarke,viola;Kermit Moore,'cello.....THE PIERREPONT BOOK GALLERY,70 Pier

repont Street,Brooklyn,New York 11201.It "will distribute publications;send quarterly financial reports;send check each quarter for items sold;guarantees a minimum of 200 sales for every single title sent to it..."(Harvey Tucker,Black Sun Press 70 Pierrepont St.Brooklyn,N.Y.112 01..)For those who wish to follow the continuum of ideas advanced by Free Lance, Johnson Reprint Corp. provides Vols. 1 to 8."The Psychovisual Perspective for "Musical Composition"(1955-56-58); "The Invalidity of Dominant Group "Education" Forms for "Progress" for Non-Dominant Ethnic Groups as Americans"(1963); "The Hypothetical Arbitrary Constant of Inhibition's Continuumization"(1964; these and nther few ideas re-printed in their entirety.

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The Free Lance

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1606 Sanderson Ave.,Scranton, Pa.,185 09)...SCRIP(David Holliday,67 Hady Crescent, Chesterfield,Derbyshire, England....WIN(5 Beekman St.,Rm.1033 New York,N.Y.,10038...BEYOND BAROQUE (Box 675,Venice,California,90291)... THE MOUNTAIN GOAT(Linus Sharpe,The University of the South,Sewanee,Tenn. 37375)...CRONOPIOS(James Stephens, 815 E.Johnson,Apt.4,Madison Wisconsin)...THE BLACK ARTS(Concept East Publishing Co.,401 East Adams,Detroit Michigan,48226)....VAGABOND(J.Bennett Jr.,1810½ Dauphine,New Orleans, La.,70116)...SMOKEY HILL REVIEW(Day, Fort Hays Kansas State College,Hays, Kansas,67601)...MONUMENT,In Cantos & Essays(Cross,Dethrow,Monument Press 7 McBaine,Columbia,Missouri)...BUDDHIST,Third Class Junkmail,ORACLE (d.a.levy,c/o Asphodel Bkshp,306 W. Superior Ave,Cleveland 44113)... NORTH AMERICAN MENTOR(John Westburg Conesville,Iowa,52739)...CAMERS COMING,1968(Richard Morris,Letters between Blazek and Morris)...PM NEWSLETTER(BB Books,formerly Poetmeat,Tina Morris,D.Cunliffe, 11 Clematis St.,Blackburn,Lancs.BB2 6JP. England)...CONFLUENCE(Peter Neill,Lindenwood College,St.Charles,Missouri,63301)....

C O N T R I B U T O R S

B. FELTON is scheduled to be published by Broadside Press publications. Readings of his work have been heard on WCLV (Cleveland's Fine Arts Station) and at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He has appeared in The Muntu Poets Journal...ULF GOEBEL is an Assistant Professor at John Carroll University. He was educated at Georgetwon University where he studied political philosophy...DAVID HERNANDEZ teache at the University of Miami. He attended the University of Barcelona, traveled in Europe and Mexico after receiving his Ph. D. from the University of Illinois. Translations and poetry have been published in Mad River Review, Arizona Quarterly, and Denver Quarterly...NORMAN JORDAN'S poems have appeared in the anthology Black Fire and in Soulbook, Black Poets Journal and others. His plays have been widely performed. He was director of the Muntu Workshop which participated in the movie Uptight... MARY ANN MAGNER has published in American Weave, Smokey Hill Review, Poet & Critic and Hiram Review and 40 or so additional mags. She is assistant to the director of Community Affairs at Cleveland State University...DAVID E. MIDDLETON studies at Louisiana Tech. He plans to get a doctorate in English. His booklet of poetry, Apple Ice and Woodweed and Cycle reviewed in Dust, Small Press Review and Kauri... JAMES EDMUND MAGNER, JR. fought in Korea, spent five years in a Roman Catholic monastery, rehabilitated convicts, received M.A. and Ph. D. from the University of Pittsburgh and now teaches at John Carroll University. His books of poetry are Toilers of the Sea and Although There is the Night (Golden Quill Press). Magzaine publications: Fine Arts, Hiram Poetry Review, American Weave and others...LEE PENNINGTON teaches at Jefferson Community College. Work published in many magazines and anthologies... OTTONE RICCIO is editor of Pyramid. Ante, Arizona Quarterly, Beloit Poetry Journal, Chelsea, Choice, Mademoiselle, Manhattan Review, Trace, Transatlantic Review have printed his work...

BILL RUSSELL'S poems have appeared in the Muntu Poets Journal, Free Lance, Vibrations and others. He has given readings of his work at Black Arts Festivals at Smith College, Mt Holyoke College, University of Massachusetts, and participated in the movie Uptight...JAY WRIGHT is new to our pages... ARTHUR E. WILLIAMS writes,"...worked as a dish washer, day laborer in New York's garment district, as a bank teller, as attendant in a mental institution. Attended Queens College. Works have appeared in Opinion, Liberator, Ninth Circle, Other Ways.

IN MEMORIAM... Darryl A. Levy, the self-styled poet laureate of Cleveland's University Circle hippies, was found dead in his East Cleveland apartment. Signing himself "d.a. levy" he centered prominantly in an obscene literature trial, but U.S. Supreme Court obscenity rulings caused a dismissal. He edited a literary magzaine, his poetry was its prime content. Levy was a long-time friend of Free Lance, and illustrated a number of publications.... CONRAD KENT RIVERS was a "discovery"of Free Lance this Jersey-born poet was attending Wilberforce University during the period that Free Lance had a Wilberforce address...he was published in Free Lance and editor Casper L. Jordan edited his first three books of poetry...he continued his education at Indiana University and Chicago Teachers College. He taught English in Gary, Indiana and was a leading force in Chicago black literary circles until his sudden death on March 24, 1968....V A L E !!

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